THE NATION

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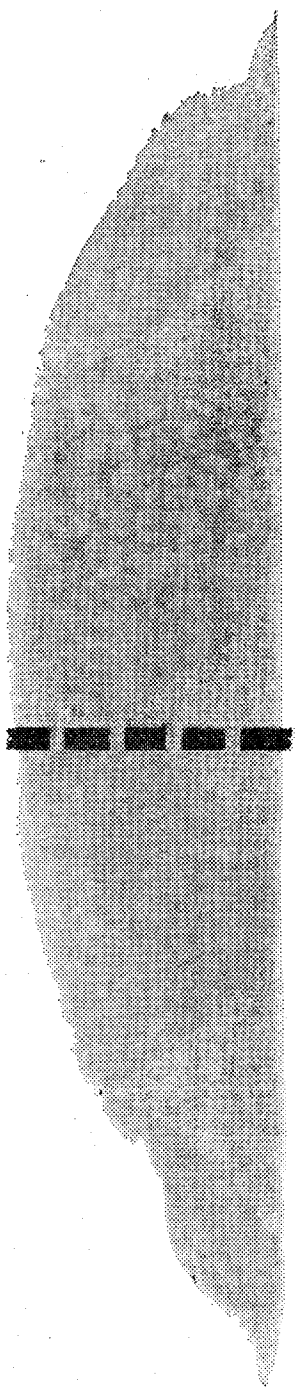

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, TV

Robert Alan Aurthur

LITTLE SUMMIT at WARSAW

Charles O. Porter

THE BARNES COLLECTION

Maurice Grosser

PORTUGAL'S ROTTING EMPIRE

Joao Cabral

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LETTERS

Fluoridation

Dear Sirs: Mr. McNeil's article on fluoridation was very much to the point. I do believe that his statement that "the policy [of the American Dental Association] now is to 'educate,' to provide information and to let the lay leaders mix it up with the fluoridation opponents," should be qualified. For example, the A.D.A. president, Dr. Charles Patton, has been outspoken on the point that "the dentists should play a more active role in community programs for fluoridation." The Queens County (New York) Dental Society, of which I am president, has begun a campaign to disabuse Borough President Clancy of the notion that the only clamor in Queens is against and not for fluoridation. . . . Other dental societies in New York are thinking along the same lines.

LEONARD GORELICK, D.D.S.
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Donald R. McNeil, in "The Polemics of Fluoridation", questions whether "the people retain faith in their scientific experts." Why should we, in view of the horrors they prepare for us? Scientists are no more infallible and no more proof against the temptations of money than any other human being. . . . For myself, it comes down to the fundamental question as to who has the right to say what I shall put into my own system? People who believe in fluoridation can easily have it without its being put into the public water supply.
Waterbury, Conn. MRS. H. H. MIST

Jaded Eye?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Fairfield Porter's reactions [*The Nation*, December 31, 1960] to my book, *The Insiders*, were to be expected from a painter and critic of his persuasion. I am only a little surprised that *The Nation* chooses to take its directions in art from a close associate of the publication most identified with the doctrine of moral no-commitment.

I do, however, welcome the opportunity to say a word or two about the artists your reviewer includes in his indictment.

Rico Lebrun cannot be disposed of by the insinuation that he copies Goya; being of a similar temperament and comparable in stature, he elects to pay tribute to Goya in this one picture.

The figures in James Kearns' *Seven Viewers on a Wall* are neither "standardized" nor "monsters." Rather they are particularized human beings projected with compassion. The fact that real people with real feelings are thus mistaken by the jaded eye of formalism today is not surprising.

If Cuevas' works do occasionally show "an adolescent disgust with the adult world," that may well be because the "adult" world is what it is, because Cuevas still keeps his eyes open, and because those eyes, like every true artist's, are essentially unsophisticated.

Finally Mr. Porter imputes to Baskin's great death images some Freudian "murder" of this artist's "sensuality." May I suggest that Mr. Porter apply the same fashionable yardstick to the art of Gruenewald, Van Gogh, Dostoevsky or Beethoven — it will work just as well, and be just as meaningless.
Oakland, N.J. SELDEN RODMAN

Dedication to Disaster?

Dear Sirs: During World War II, noted American philosopher - mathematician Morris R. Cohen wrote:

> We are adopting the things that made our enemies powerful, and incidentally the things that made them our enemies. The first result of any war is that the adversaries exchange vices. Our danger is that we shall copy the militarism that corrupted Germany and Japan.

Professor Cohen died not long after expressing this prophetic view. What he feared has practically overtaken us. We have been unconsciously but certainly creating an America dedicated to force.

While there is still time, the White House, the State and Defense departments, and Senate and House committees that deal with the armed services and foreign affairs, might well heed the wise man's warning. CYRUS EATON
Cleveland, O.

Double Standard

Dear Sirs: Frank Donner's very good article ["The Congressional Pillory," Feb. 18] on unconstitutional punishment resulting from hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee names General Electric and Westinghouse among the big corporations which dismiss employees who rely on the Fifth Amendment in refusing to cooperate with the committee.

It is interesting that these companies consider reliance on one's Constitutional guarantees as a more heinous offense than conspiring to defraud customers by violating the federal anti-trust law. The same companies recently issued a statement that the fact that their employees were serving a sentence in jail would not preclude them from further employment. CLARK FOREMAN
Director, Emergency Civil Liberties
New York City Committee

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

177 ●

ARTICLES

179 ● Little Summit at Warsaw
by CHARLES O. PORTER

181 ● Portugal's Rotting Empire
by JOAO CABRAL

184 ● Farewell, Farewell, TV
by ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

187 ● Munitions: a Way of Life
by JERRY GREENE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

190 ● The Barnes Collection
by MAURICE GROSSER

192 ● Man with the Luger
by NELSON ALGREN

192 ● Song in the Studio of Paul Klee (poem)
by PAUL CARROLL

193 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

194 ● Records
by LESTER TRIMBLE

195 ● Architecture
by WALTER McQUADE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 196)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1961
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Depreciating an American Tradition

In a supplemental report on his work as a member of the United States delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations, Senator Wayne Morse points out that the delegation usually abstained from voting on key colonial issues at the direction of the State Department. As a result, the Senator reports, "the United States branded itself as a supporter of colonialism."

How could this be? Every schoolboy, at least every American schoolboy, knows that the United States is traditionally opposed to colonialism. "If one scratches deeply enough into the mistaken United States positions on colonial issues," comments Senator Morse, "one will probably find a United States military influence. The Department of State has seemed to lack the necessary disposition either to question the military need for such requirements or to balance their importance properly against other policy objectives." By yielding to the Pentagon, the Department of State has jeopardized our anti-colonial tradition which, if properly sustained, could be a powerful adjunct of American diplomacy in the '60s. Nor have we been of much service to our allies in the process. We began by covertly supporting the Belgians in the Congo; now we are putting pressure on them to get out. We would have served them better if we had urged them to get out at the start. Early in the postwar period we urged the Dutch to get out of Indonesia on the assumption that they were bound to lose the colony in the end, and would lose thousands of lives in the process of trying to keep it, and then it would be difficult to re-establish any workable relationship. The Dutch yielded only with great bitterness. Their ambassador, Elco Van Kleffens, in his farewell call on Dean Acheson, said: "We will never forgive you for the loss of our colony." But the Dutch have forgiven us, and the Indonesians appreciate and remember our help. Today it is as plain as the nose on one's face that Portugal is going to lose her colonies in Asia and Africa, and sooner than might have been anticipated (see article p. 181). Spain is going to lose her colonies. So will Britain lose her remaining ones, and France. Like men, nations can go through life making mistakes, but not the same mistake again and again. Senator Morse has performed an invaluable public service by calling attention to the manner in which the United States delegation at the United Nations has been repeatedly overruled on colonial issues by the State Department and often on the authority of an Assistant Secretary of State. Happily President Kennedy and Ambassador Stevenson may be counted on to heed Senator Morse's advice and reverse the ostrich-like attitude we pursued at the United Nations on colonial issues in the critically important 15th General Assembly. But it will take time and it will not be easy, for we have drawn heavily on the "reservoir" of good will we formerly enjoyed in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America.

Machine Guns and Roses

For the most part, the American press is not dedicated to helping its readers follow political developments in lands which enjoy large-scale aid and assistance from this country. In consequence, a false image is projected which, when it collides, as it always does sooner or later, with the harsh realities, produces a sense of "shock" or "crisis" which a little attention to current happenings might prevent. (See: "Iran's False Image" by Stanley Cooperman, *The Nation*, September 24, 1960). Most Americans picture the Iranians as rejoicing at the birth of a male heir to the Shah's throne, but since this event does not recur with great frequency, they may wonder what the Iranians do the rest of the time. The answer is that some of the Iranians try to vote, but encounter even more difficulty than did the Shah in producing his male offspring. Last summer's elections were so corrupt that the Shah was forced to set them aside and order new elections which were as thoroughly rigged as the original ones, with the result that once again riots have broken out in Teheran. Little of this would be known in the United States were it not for the *Christian Science Monitor*, *The New York Times*, and one or two other papers which noted the repeat performance of the rigged election farce. But from these meager sources a group of Iranian students at the University of Minnesota took notice of the latest demonstrations at Teheran University

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which had to be broken up by police wielding fire hoses. From the steps of Northrop Auditorium in Minneapolis, on which is inscribed the right of students to seek the truth, the Iranian students urged passers-by to "share the burdens of students in Iran." Some of them carried signs which read "Turkey, Korea, now Iran," and Iran may well be next — time is running out on the Shah. But only a diligent scanner and scrutinizer of the American press would suspect it.

Armaments and Depression

In one of his more intensely political speeches, Senator Thomas H. Kuchel (R-California) recently warned President Kennedy to refrain from channeling defense contracts to distressed areas of the country. In the first place, said the Senator, it would be unlawful. Competitive bidding is the only legal basis for award of defense orders. In the second place, it would make a "national WPA" of our strivings for national security.

Where has the Senator been? The bulk of defense business, in dollars, is placed by negotiation; only the bits and pieces (which, when the total involved is twenty or thirty billions a year, can be sizable) are ever allocated on a competitive basis.

This is not the first time that Senator Kuchel has be funny without knowing it, but the supreme irony of his attack is that he made it at a lunch in Los Angeles. Southern California and the Detroit complex are among the most depressed manufacturing areas in the country. Mr. Kuchel did admit that there are "black spots" in the economy and mentioned Los Angeles as one of them; locally it has been referred to as the "bankruptcy capital of the nation." The companies don't go broke, but the wage earners do, even many of those who are still employed — and in California, in January, 517,000 were unemployed. If Mr. Kuchel did not do his best to get defense contracts for Southern California, he would be well advised to stay out of the area, which gets rather volatile at times. But when he says he doesn't want defense to be made into a WPA, he means a WPA somewhere else. In California it's fine, as long as it is called by a nicer name.

Don't Give Up the Ship: Sink It

Political folly has two characteristics. One, it is never recognized for what it is. Two, it is never abandoned until conditions make it utterly untenable. The politically addled never try to cut their losses. The reason is simple: the losses are not theirs, but those of their countrymen. As far as they themselves are concerned, error, long continued, becomes a vested interest which to them means votes, careers, power, and a pleasant living. Until the deluge.

The stock in trade of Representative Walter Judd (R-Minn.) is non-recognition of Red China. Mr. Judd has again proposed that Congress pass a resolution opposing U.N. recognition of the Red fiends across the Pacific. He also asks for censure of British Foreign Secretary Lord Home, who recently opposed the policy so dear to the heart of Mr. Judd. Mr. Judd and the members of his team are heartened by the support of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, whose name is perhaps longer than the roster of the voters who follow its banner (see: "Lobby of a Million Ghosts" by John O'Kearney, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, 1960). Certainly support is not coming from any other direction.

Besides Lord Home, Lord Casey, who was Australia's Minister of External Affairs until last year, has expressed hope that the Kennedy administration will take a new look at the Communist China problem. And to the north of us Prime Minister Diefenbaker of Canada has suggested that the Chinese Communists must be brought into the disarmament discussions. "The time for decision may not be too far removed," says Mr. Diefenbaker.

The polite promptings of Mr. Diefenbaker and Lord Casey are not altogether divorced from commercial realities. Canada has just concluded a $60 million cash deal with Red China for wheat and barley. Australia has also sold the Chinese Communists $60 million worth of wheat which, Homer Bigart writes in *The New York Times* from Canberra, "may enable Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies' Government to ride out the present economic storm without further austerity measures." The *Journal of Commerce* refers to this business, both in the amount of grain and in its transportation, as "enormous." In each case more than a million tons are involved and upward of 100 ships will be required. The shipowners of a number of nations are happy. But little of this appears to be news to our press; if it is mentioned at all, it appears in obscure paragraphs on the financial or shipping pages.

"Communism on the Map"

Another controversial film is now making the rounds of campus communities in the wake of "Operation Abolition" (see: "'Un-Americanism' Plays the Colleges" by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation*, January 28, 1961). "Communism on the Map" comes to us not from Hollywood but from Searcy, Arkansas (pop. 4,000), the home of Harding College. Of this small denominational college, *The Nation* once reported (August 2, 1952) that it exerted a greater influence on the economic thinking of the American people than many of the large universities. Newsletters, weekly transcribed radio programs, a vast amount of "visual-aid educational" ma-

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terial, including expensive technicolor cartoon films, of a uniformly anti-labor bias, have poured from the college which, in 1952, was estimated to be spending a million dollars on such materials, issued as part of its National Education Program.

The college is known to have received grants from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation and the Falk Foundation of Pittsburgh, among other donors, to help finance these extraordinarily active extra-curricular activities. "Communism on the Map," an expensive film to produce, is being made available to civic groups in the Seattle area free of charge by: Missionary Film Enterprises (a Baptist organization), the Boeing Company (the company's branch in Wichita, Kansas, has also made prints of the film available), Puget Sound Light and Power Company, and by the United States Navy. With such influential local sponsors, Channel 11 and Channel 13 in Seattle were pleased to show the film.

Dr. Giovanni Costigan, of the history department, University of Washington, arranged to have the film shown to an audience of 2,000 students, the better to call attention to its manifest inaccuracies, misstatements and distortions of which he has prepared a long and detailed list. A sample of the sort of thing Dr. Costigan objects to is the statement that communism today dominates the entire globe, except for West Germany, Formosa, Switzerland, the United States and possibly Canada. In the wake of Dr. Costigan's criticism, 92 members of the University of Washington faculty joined in a statement deploring the distortions of the film. It also aroused strong faculty protests when it was shown at the University of Wichita (courtesy of Boeing, but under the sponsorship of the local John Birch Society).

In itself the film is not important, although the distortions and inaccuracies invite criticism and comment, but the question arises: what part of the cost of producing and distributing the film will ultimately be borne by taxpayers in the form of tax deductions by the donors and sponsors? As citizens we must accept exposure to all types of propaganda as an inescapable, even perhaps an essential, aspect of a democratic society; but as taxpayers we have a right to protest when charged with the expenses of partisan propaganda.

LITTLE SUMMIT at WARSAW . . *by Charles O. Porter*

"IF THE United States does agree to general and complete disarmament, can we be assured that the satellite nations will be allowed genuine self-determination?" I put this question to Ilya Ehrenburg, Soviet writer and noted publicist, on the first day of the East-West Round Table Conference held last month in Warsaw.

Ehrenburg was irked. He said, correctly, that it was I who had suggested holding this conference in Warsaw, so he had assumed that I had respect for the Government of Poland. If Poland is a satellite of the Soviet Union, he asked, isn't France a satellite of the United States?

Of the forty-seven participants in the Round Table Conference, twenty-one came from the West, twenty-six from the East. Twenty-four were members of their nations' highest legislative bodies. Four, like myself, were former members. One, Jules Moch of France, was presently a minister in his government. Two were former prime ministers and three were former ministers. Nobel Peace Prize Winner Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., contributed much to the discussions.

The fifteen nations from which the conferees came were Belgium, Bulgaria, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, German Democratic Republic, Rumania, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, United States, USSR, and Yugoslavia.

Before posing my question to Ehrenburg, I had explained that Americans were deeply disturbed about Russian control over the satellite nations and that agreement by two-thirds of the Senate to a general and complete disarmament treaty would not be forthcoming until conditions in these nations, or at least prospects there, changed for the better. About forty Senators, I estimated, would have to switch to make the requisite two-thirds.

Following Ehrenburg, Philip Noel-Baker declared that my question was "vastly important and wholly relevant to disarmament" and that "forty Senators could deprive us of a disarmament treaty for years to come." United Nations Charter principles include self-determination, he pointed out; enforcement of these principles, not armaments, will give the American Senators the answer they want about freedom for the satellite nations.

On the second morning of the conference, Oskar Lange, one-time economics professor at the University of Chicago and now a leading Polish legislator, expressed his doubts that NATO could continue to control West German militarism, but he rejoiced that East Germany had renounced German militaristic traditions. This renunciation he termed "a basic fact of decisive significance. Cooperation between Poland and East Germany is friendly and neighborly and will be possible in the future with the whole of the German nation."

Turning to my question about satellites, Dr. Lange said that it caused "great consternation" not

CHARLES O. PORTER, former Congressman from Oregon, was one of the active group of "peace Congressmen" during his recent terms in office.

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only among the conferees from the Eastern nations, but from the Western nations as well. This showed a "divergence of thought" between Europeans and certain circles in the United States.

Two misunderstandings needed to be cleared up, he said: first, the confusion between satellites and military alliances; second, the confusion between military alliances and social systems and forces. Poland needs the Warsaw Pact far more than does the Soviet Union in view of the remilitarization of Western Germany and of the latter's non-acceptance of Poland's western boundaries.

If a satellite is a military ally, Dr. Lange asked, who is whose satellite? He said it is an American misunderstanding to consider that the social and economic system derives from the political and military pacts. He cited Yugoslavia as an example of a nation whose social and economic system had not changed even though it withdrew from an alliance with the Soviet Union.

"Porter will excuse me," he concluded with perfect courtesy, "if I say he is naive."

IN MY heart I readily excused him. What else could he say about the status of his country? It was the Soviet conferees who should be called to account for Soviet policies and pretenses about the satellites, not the hapless citizens of the satellites.

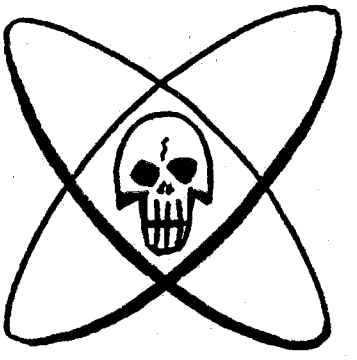
Responding to Dr. Lange's speech, I said that my naïveté—or ignorance, if such it was—about the status of the people in the satellite nations was shared by most Americans, many of whom had no idea at all that Poland, for example, had edged a lot closer to freedom since the death of Stalin.

I granted that the United States had forcibly intervened in the internal affairs of Taiwan, Guatemala and other countries, but today the subject was European security and that turned on a divided Germany. I wondered why Dr. Lange took comfort from East German policies. Most Americans believe that East Germany is closely controlled by the Soviet Union. Furthermore, I added in order to head off another charge that I was naive, several conferees sitting around this table right now, including some from other satellites, had confirmed the nature of the relationship in personal conversations with me.

Politely but firmly, I called for an expression of different opinions on vital issues. Consternation, I suggested, should be followed by a factual discussion.

No such discussion ensued, but at least the point had been made at a meeting behind the Iron Curtain that Soviet persistence in interfering with the independence of other states makes it difficult for the United States to trust the USSR sufficiently to sign a disarmament agreement with her. This is why I had suggested Warsaw as the site for the conference.

Mladen Ivekovic, President of the Yugoslavian Federal Council, commented on my remarks by saying that he was not able to see how I could imagine the existence of satellite states. He went on to blast the West German government as a threat to peace. One of the four East Germans present, Deputy Max Seydewitz, continued that theme: If West Germany gets rid of its troops, East Germany will do likewise, with the full approval of the Soviet Union. He asked that I make it known in the United States that it is West Germany that carries on militaristic and revenge-seeking policies. He did not deny Soviet domination of his government.



DOUBLE-TALK and deceit in foreign policy are not new techniques for any nation, including our own. The contrast between the pious word and the actual fact breeds mistrust, and it was with this in mind that the conference unanimously adopted a series of resolutions, one of which undertook to define "peaceful coexistence" as

> . . . not only a renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, respect for the territorial integrity and independence of each state, the equality of all states and the effective application of the principle of noninterference, but also requires active international cooperation in all fields.

Peaceful coexistence, then, means you won't try to make a satellite out of your neighbor. With enthusiasm, the five Soviet conferees agreed to this. I believe that each of them personally favors such a policy with all its implications, but what assurance can any of them give sixty-seven United States Senators that the Soviet government means it? Will they attempt to persuade Khrushchev to be frank about Soviet domination of the satellites, especially East Germany, and agree to yield these controls as part of a disarmament plan?

Our own government can help clear the way for such acknowledgments by being equally frank about the effect and future of our military influence in Taiwan, Spain, Vietnam, Guatemala and elsewhere. These interventions are part of our efforts to make ourselves stronger in the cold war, and should be so identified.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE, I think, that American distrust of Soviet policy toward its near, small neighbors, should carry over into the field of disarmament. For here Soviet sincerity must be measured in quite another context.

James Wadsworth, former U. S. Ambassador to the U.N., stated publicly last month, just before he left office, that he believed the Russians could be trusted to carry out the pledges in a general disarmament treaty. And Professor Louis B. Sohn of the Harvard Law School, after returning from the Sixth International Conference of Scientists held at Moscow late last year, wrote in *The Nation* of January 14: "My principal impression was that the Russians sincerely and even desperately want peace and that they believe that this goal can be achieved only through 'general and complete disarmament.'"

No disarmament treaty, however carefully prepared, can be made fool-

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proof. In circumstances like these, the question to ask is not whether we trust the Soviets to keep their pledge not to carry on tests secretly, but rather whether the gains they might make in terms of weapons improvement would be sufficient to justify the risk of reviving the arms race.

Is Soviet policy on disarmament governed by cynical, power-crazy men who regard its promotion merely as potent propaganda both to attract the neutrals and to weaken the West? If so, then all talk of any measure of trust is a waste of time. The conferees at Warsaw believed that the Soviet leaders are sincerely in favor of multi-lateral disarmament, not because of any moral rebirth, but because they understand that their society could not survive a nuclear war.

These conferees included widely respected and experienced men like Finn Moe, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Norwegian Parliament; Jules Moch, de Gaulle's disarmament expert; Senator Henri Rolin of Belgium; Senator Georg Branting of Sweden; Lord Faringdon; and, as I have mentioned, Philip Noel-Baker, along with his able son, Francis, also an M.P.

The conference's unanimous conclusions on disarmament were that the problem was becoming "ever more urgent" and that the "possibility of global destruction" was constantly growing with the number of nuclear bombs. Unless an agreement was reached on disarmament, we saw no hope of solving the most important political divergencies nor of freeing the world from the danger of nuclear disaster.

But how convince the U. S. Senate, or at least two-thirds of it, that the urgency is so great? Many Senators will continue to insist on "foolproof" inspection. Many believe in the feasibility of limited wars and they are encouraged by generals and admirals who can't accept the fact that the new weapons have automated war and warriors from mass murder to universal suicide. But wars, large or small, are fought for victory. That means you pound the enemy with every available lethal assistance, with the inevitable result—to use the fancy new term—of *escalation* to all-out war. Limited war is a contradiction of terms. It is an illusion of limited minds.

Weapons too powerful for logical use; a smoldering conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union, each with its allies; and the new nations seeking for their peoples a few twentieth-century benefits—these are the potent ingredients of an impending unprecedented disaster.

Senators, with some exceptions, understand this, but the alternative, peaceful competition with the USSR, is hard for them to face. Soviet technology has surpassed the United States in rocket propulsion and in other vital areas such as machine tools. The chilling apprehension is that perhaps the Soviet state socialistic system might, after all, defeat us in Khrushchev's "peaceful war of trade."

Even admitting this possibility, universal suicide in a nuclear war is not preferable. The truth is that war isn't practical any longer. We can't trust the Russians and yet we can't fight a war with them. We can't try to fight a war with them because no one can find a way to enforce the limits in a limited war. All that is left is to try to trust each other, using every safeguard we can devise.

On this question of questions, our Senators must not lag behind their constituents. Time is too short. They must rally to the support of the President of the United States who, with the expert help of John J. McCloy, Paul Nitze, MacGeorge Bundy and others, is in the process of preparing a general and complete disarmament plan. He and his aides must seek support for it from among the one hundred Senators. Our survival depends on sixty-seven Senators' approving in time a treaty establishing general and complete disarmament.

PORTUGAL'S ROTTING EMPIRE . . *by Joao Cabral*

THE CAPTURE of the *Santa Maria* by Captain Henrique Galvao has succeeded brilliantly in tearing away the curtain of silence around Portugal and her colonies. Dr. Salazar must be furious, not so much at the capture of the ship but at the publicity engendered by it. Publicity is the last thing he ever wanted, and, unfortunately for him, the man who captured the liner was well known for his report on the conditions of forced labor in Portuguese Africa.

Since Captain Galvao's report, made on January 22, 1947, very little has changed in Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea, except that the colonies are no longer colonies, but "overseas provinces"—a change that was introduced in the Portuguese Constitution in 1951 to mislead world opinion and to evade Portugal's obligations under Article 73e of the United Nations Charter. But last December the myth of "overseas provinces" was exploded by the U.N. General Assembly: the Portuguese government was asked to supply information on her nine overseas territories.

It is almost incredible that a small and backward country like Portugal should manage to hold on to an empire twenty-five times larger than herself and so widely scattered: from Macado in China, Timor in Indonesia and Goa in India to Angola, Mozambique and Guinea in Africa; the Sao Tome and Cape Verde islands and the enclave-fort of Sao Joao Batista de Ajuda in Dahomey. Besides, these colonies are not compact units, but diffused administrative entities. Goa, for instance, which is pompously called

JOAO CABRAL, a Portuguese attorney now living in London, has been in the forefront of the Portuguese anti-Salazar movement.

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"Portuguese India," comprises Goa proper and two enclaves: Daman (350 miles north of Goa) and Diu (450 miles north).

How does Dr. Salazar manage it? For the last thirty years, he has been taking a series of measures both to prevent the growth of nationalist movements and to suppress them ruthlessly when they do appear.

The first preventive measure is in the field of education. The Portuguese government believes that education, if not properly guided, tends to corrupt the minds of Africans; hence it has not built a single university for the 13 million people of its nine colonies. It maintains an illiteracy rate of 99 per cent among the Africans of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, where areas larger than Portugal are without schools. Such education as exists has been entrusted to the Portuguese Catholic missions; Protestant, even foreign Catholic missionaries, though they are not called civil servants, are held to be personnel "in the special service of national and civilizing utility," according to the Missionary Statute of 1941. Mission work in the colonies is subsidized by the government, as are the missionary institutions in Portugal. Under the treaty of 1940 between the Holy See and Portugal, the function of the ecclesiastical authorities in the colonies is "to see that in the teaching of special subjects, such as history, the legitimate Portuguese and patriotic sentiments are taken into consideration" (Article 20).

THE second technique for preventing the growth of nationalism is the deliberate curtailment of economic development in the colonies. Portugal herself is the most underdeveloped country in Western Europe; in her colonies, there is hardly any industry at all. Peasants and laborers are crudely exploited: peasants are compelled to sell their agricultural produce to the settlers at artificially low prices imposed by the authorities; laborers are forced to work for the settlers and colonial companies. Every year, 250,000 Angolans are rented out by the authorities to agricultural, mining and construction concerns. Every year, 400,000 Africans from Mozambique are recruited for forced labor, of whom 100,000 are exported to the mines of South Africa and the Rhodesias.

These figures are for men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five who are "legally" recruited. "Contract labor" is the official designation for them. But, as Captain Galvao said in his report, "Only the dead are exempt from forced labor." In fact, women are also compelled to work on roads and other public works, though they are not sent to places far away from their villages. Thousands of eight-year-old children work in the coffee plantations and on the settlers' farms. In 1947, Captain Galvao was Chief Inspector of the Colonial Administration and a member of the Portuguese National Assembly. His report was made at the request of the government. After a clear analysis of the situation, he wrote:

> In some respects, the situation is more grave than that created by pure slavery. Under slavery the bought man, acquired as head of cattle, was regarded as an asset by his master. He was interested in keeping him healthy and strong and agile in the same way as he would look after his horse or his bull. Today the native is not bought — he is simply rented from the Government, though he may have the status of a free man. His master could hardly care less if he falls ill or dies as long as he goes on working while he lives.... When he becomes unable to work or when he dies the master can always ask to be supplied with other laborers.

The conditions prevailing among African peasants and laborers, the absence of any considerable number of industrial workers, prevent the growth of working-class solidarity — so important a factor in the nationalist movement elsewhere in Africa. Besides, Africans are not permitted to stay in the towns for more than a year; trade-union and similar organizations are denied them; a "pass" system similar to the one used in South Africa keeps them under total control of the authorities.

PORTUGAL maintains a rigid censorship over all mass media of communications in her colonies. The PIDE (Portuguese political police) and its informers have long been operating; a brutal organization in Portugal, it is much worse in the colonies. In Goa, for instance, nationalists have been tied to a jeep and dragged to the nearest town, where kerosene was poured on them and set alight (in the town of Ponda on February 17, 1957); or beaten and kicked to death in front of family and neighbors (this happened in Pomburpa).

In Luanda and other towns of Angola, Africans are being continually arrested. The villages are constantly raided by the *Guarda Republicana* and the people beaten in the streets. In Catete, a child of eight years was struck with a rifle butt and killed. Ten African students from Luanda arrived in Matadi, in the Congo, after fleeing for thirty-three days through jungles and vast uninhabited areas. Africans who try to run away from Angola are often caught by the police and disappear mysteriously; there are reports that they are taken in military planes and dropped into the sea. Africans are insulted and baited, and if they show anger they are taken to the police.

Portugal's repression of native peoples is much worse than South Africa's. In South Africa there are some universities, at least; only 55 per cent of the blacks are illiterate. There is nothing in the Union like the Portuguese PIDE. Yet, despite everything, underground nationalist movements are growing rapidly in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea. The movements have the support of the new, independent African countries.

IN ANGOLA, there are two such movements: the *Movimento Popular de Libertacao de Angola* (MPLA) and the *Uniao das Populacoes de Angola* (UPA). The MPLA, a merger of various groups, is organized on a non-racial and non-tribal basis and includes a few white settlers. Some of its leaders are graduates of Portuguese, German or French universities. The vice president, Dr. Agostinho Neto, who was arrested last June, is a doctor (Lisbon University). The acting president, Mario de Andrade, now in exile in Conakry,

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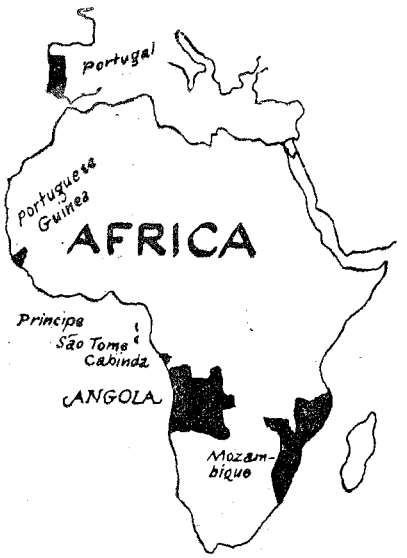
is a graduate of the Sorbonne. The UPA is organized on a tribal basis, with anti-white tendencies.

Because of their clandestine nature, it is difficult to assess the support these organizations command among the masses in Angola. But the hundreds of their members who have been arrested give some indication of their strength. Leaders of the UPA, Liberio Newfane and Lello Figueira, have been in the concentration camp of Bie since 1956. Many of their colleagues have since disappeared. Between March and August, 1959, over two hundred Africans, mostly members of the MPLA, were arrested. They include seven Europeans who come from all walks of life: civil servants, engineers, clerks, printers, teachers, one architect and one well-known doctor. The seven Europeans were tried in the Military Court of Luanda last August, almost in secrecy; an observer, sent by the International Commission of Jurists, was denied admission. Their sentences ranged from one to three years' imprisonment. There was an appeal and the Supreme Military Court of Lisbon has ordered a retrial, stating that the sentences were not in keeping with the gravity of the offences.

At least the whites were given a trial; Africans charged with nationalist activities are usually imprisoned, deported or executed without trial. But last December, as a result of protests from all over the world, the Portuguese government broke precedent and granted a trial to twenty Africans who had already been in jail for two years. They were sentenced to terms ranging up to eleven years.

HUNDREDS of Africans are still detained without trial, many for over six years. Father Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, Chancellor of the Archbishopric of Luanda and the only African priest from Angola to be graduated in Rome, was arrested in Luanda last July and deported to the Aljube jail in Portugal not only without trial, but without formal charges. His crime, as far as is known, is that he refused to make a statement supporting Portuguese colonialism. Last November, eight political prisoners



were executed, without trial, in the yard of the Military Prison of Luanda, and twenty-nine in the *Esquadra* (detention post) in the same city.

The mass arrests of last June indicate the rising tempo of the nationalist struggle in Angola. In Luanda, Lobito, Malange, Benguela and Dalatando, fifty-two persons, mostly civil servants and employees of the railways, were arrested. Dr. Neto, who had been in jail in Portugal for two years (1954-56), was re-arrested on June 8 and flogged in front of his family by the chief of the PIDE and an assistant. Usually this kind of brutality is reserved for ordinary folk, not for people of some social standing.

The people of Bengo, birthplace of Dr. Neto, and from the neighboring village of Icolo, appeared before the district office at Catete and demanded his release. The district officer reacted by calling reinforcements from Luanda. Some 200 soldiers arrived. When about a thousand people began a peaceful demonstration, they were immediately fired on by the soldiers; thirty were killed and 200 injured. In the third week of June, 1960, the soldiers went to the villages whence the demonstrators had come and killed or arrested everyone found there. They then set the two villages on fire.

In Portuguese Guinea, which has extensive borders with the independent Republic of Guinea, the *Partido Africano da Independencia da Guinea* (PAIG) is very active. In August, 1959, more than fifty Africans were shot dead by Portuguese civilians and soldiers on the Pijiguity docks in Bissau, capital of the colony. They were demanding higher wages.

In Mozambique, the nationalist movement is not so active, though there are two underground organizations: the Mozambique African National Union, and the National Union Party. A series of small incidents have taken place: last August, the police post of Chicoa, on the Zambesi River, was attacked by Africans and two were killed. Many arrests have been made in various parts of Mozambique and it is estimated that about a hundred Africans are now in jail at Lourenco Marques and Quelimane. In January, three young political refugees escaped from Lourenco Marques prison and arrived in Salisbury. About 100,000 Africans from Mozambique are living in Northern Rhodesia, Nyassaland and Tanganyika, some of them for political reasons, and the two parties have a large number of supporters among them.

Last December, nationalist leaders from Angola, Portuguese Guinea and Goa met in London to concert their struggle against Portuguese colonialism. They announced that all nationalist organizations from all the Portuguese colonies would soon form a united front dedicated to "direct action" toward liberation and independence.

PORTUGAL'S answer to this rapidly developing nationalist movement is war. There are now 20,000 troops in Angola; an equal number is being mobilized in Mozambique. In Guinea, Goa and Timor there are also a great number of troops, perhaps a total of 15,000. Arms supplied by NATO have been sent with the troops. Special paratoop units are under training by officers who have returned from the Algerian front. Portugal has been strengthening her alliances with South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Spain, France and Belgium. It seems that she has also reached some understanding with West Germany, whose Ambassador to Lisbon has been a frequent visitor in Angola and Mozambique.

New military installations have been built in Angola. To pay for these military expenditures, the

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"head taxes" in Angola have been doubled—from 250 to 500 *escudos*. The number of fines for "pass" violations has increased. Over £12,000 from African savings banks have been seized by the government. The few Africans who have cars must pay their vehicle taxes on a daily basis, so that their movements may be controlled and the cars seized at a moment's notice. The PIDE and the Army control African traffic at railway stations and road junctions.

But will all the resources of Portugal be able to stop the liberation struggle? The incident of the *Santa Maria* and the subsequent riots in Luanda have given the movement a new impetus. A group of thirty-nine leading opponents of the Salazar regime have sent a message to Portugal's President Thomas declaring that the case of the *Santa Maria* reinforces the necessity for a return to more democratic forms of government. But Salazar, like Hitler, is determined to fight till the end—which means chaos both for Portugal and her colonies. Portuguese colonialism will collapse in a welter of blood and destruction unless Britain and the United States bring Salazar to his senses while there is still time.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, TV . . *by Robert Alan Aurthur*

ON DECEMBER 31, I became separated from the television medium, completing a ten-year period during which TV was my anchor to New York and my main source of income. Glad to leave, looking forward to a more productive future, I nonetheless felt an emotional wrench, akin in a strange way to a time fifteen years earlier when, after a four-year wartime hitch, I was discharged from the Marine Corps. Both times the feeling was that something had been won, but something had also been lost. Close relationships had been formed, but under such special and unique circumstances that there would be no carry-over. There had been a common cause on which we could flagrantly dissipate our youth and energies, dedicate our ideals — but that time was gone. And after it was all over there was that nagging suspicion that it all added up to naught.

The only other equation I'll make between television and World War II is that one was likely to get killed in either, and the lucky survivor grew up a little and emerged a tougher, wiser man.

Ten years ago, when I entered TV as a reasonably successful (though starving) short-story writer and neophyte novelist, the medium was different and better. At least it was interesting and *involving*. One cannot deny that its novelty had much to do with its fascination for us, that we were less critical as a result; a decade later, its novelty gone and saturated with shoddiness, we are quick to reject it. Yet it is also true that better material was being offered then by more talented people. By 1950, the mechanical mysteries of TV had been mastered, and young, farsighted producers were ready to experiment with content and talent. They were able to do so, free of the taboos and restrictions that later came from agencies and networks, because production costs were comparatively low, and, since most of the country was made up of one-channel markets, there was no competition for the mass audience. In a strange way, the lack of competition, the fact that people looked *anyway*, spurred a try for quality. Television may be unique in our free-enterprise system in that the harder one fights for a position in the marketplace, the poorer the product becomes — all in the name of "satisfying the mass audience."

I WAS one of the first to write an original play for television — certainly the first on the Philco Playhouse. It was a dreadful little item, judged by later standards, but it was *not* an adaptation of a play or a novel, nor was it a documentary drawn from past headlines (these having been the sole sources of TV drama until producer Fred Coe became convinced that greener, more interesting fields, perhaps, lay in the minds of the talented, creative writer). Full credit must go to Fred Coe for striking out in unknown areas, for attracting young, productive writers and surrounding them with matching directing and acting talents, also fresh and untried, who could extend the material to its fullest realization.

The results were interesting and had widespread effect on all of television drama — and, subsequently, films and the theatre. A form of story-telling unique to television was developed: character study in depth — and how many wonderful hours were the result! It should hastily be added that out of fifty-two hours a year on the Philco show alone, the failures far outnumbered the successes; but at least we tried. In those days we had the room and inclination to aim high, and "E" *was* given for effort. The best of television was (and still is) as good as anything around, and the worst was (and still is) no poorer than the bulk of popular fiction, most of Hollywood movies, and (let's be fair, theatre-lovers) the majority of Broadway plays. Since the great amount of junk in the other forms is not thrust into our living rooms, there is far more awareness of television's deficiencies; the intrusive sight and sound of that awful box is a constant reminder and irritant.

But a TV addict who hurls fierce lightning bolts at the industry is like a narcotics user who blames the pusher. Face it, Angry-Viewer-Who-Is-Hooked: If you have become a

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR'S name has been attached as writer, editor or producer, to many of the best TV shows of the last decade. From the TV industry's viewpoint, however, too many of them fell into the succès d'estime *category.*

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wasted blob from TV-dinners, if your children have become bleary-eyed zombies, it is *you* who must exercise self-control, it is *you* who must be the policeman. It used to be an effort to turn the set off, but now you can do it by *remote control* — television's most self-defeating invention since Westerns. Aurthur's First Law of Selectivity begins with the simple premise that, even now, there are ten to fifteen promising hours listed each week in your TV supplement. Seek them out, try them. Keep a good book at your side, your alternative if the promise is not delivered. I might add that anyone who demands or needs more than ten or fifteen hours of televiewing a week deserves anything he gets.

THE earlier, better TV days need no more endorsement than the list of people who worked regularly, and in most cases exclusively, in the medium. There were the writers: Reginald Rose, Paddy Chayefsky, Tad Mosel, David Shaw, Rod Serling, George Axelrod, N. Richard Nash, Horton Foote; the directors: Delbert Mann, Martin Ritt, Yul Brynner, Arthur Penn, Vincent Donehue, Robert Mulligan, John Frankenheimer, Franklyn Schaffner, George Roy Hill; and the actors who made their initial impact on the American public via television: Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Eva Marie Saint, Rod Steiger, Ernest Borgnine, Jo Van Fleet, Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, Jack Lemmon, Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara, Eli Wallach, Jimmy Dean, Julie Harris.

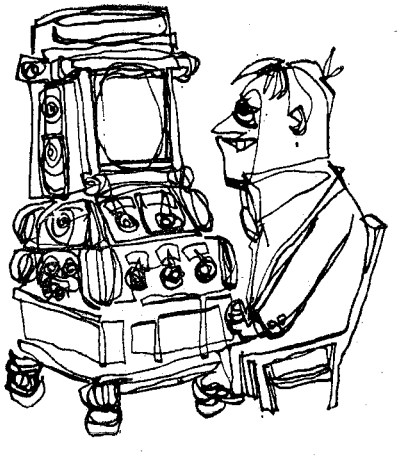
Earlier I mentioned the fact that the combination of these talents had a subsequent effect on films and the theatre. Over the past three Broadway seasons, these writers and directors have been responsible for about fifteen plays, including one Pulitzer Prize and three Critics Circle awards; and about a half-dozen movie Oscars are scattered among all those named.

With the exception, of course, of the late Jimmy Dean, and of Rod Serling, who seems to have settled for the riches of a slick-fiction weekly series, most of the above people presently work in television not at all; some may do one or two special shows a year. Have they deserted, as sometimes charged, or have they been driven out, as is actually the case?

Generally, there are two good reasons for doing a job: the conditions that prevail promise the artist-craftsman freedom to extend his art to its fullest range, or they promise the most money in the least amount of time. In the halcyon days of TV, the first rule applied with the concomitant joy of being able to make a good living. Today, with ever rarer exceptions, the second situation prevails, and who can blame anyone for going to films where ten times the money can be made for the same kind of workaday job? And where neither films nor television offers artistic kicks, the theatre can still be the occasional haven.

PRODUCER Fred Coe is unemployable in television today. Imaginative showmen like Pat Weaver and Hubbell Robinson, who once controlled the program destinies of NBC and CBS respectively, have been replaced by the Machinemen, and TV has been almost completely corrupted in the transistorized drive for dollars.

Unfortunately, the homily having to do with builders of better mousetraps becoming rich and famous, or at the very least catching a lot more mice, does not apply in television. The simplest formula for TV success lies in weekly film series. Make them fast and make them cheap. If one fails, have three to take its place. Five years ago the American Broadcasting Company, a poor third among the networks, made its competitive move based on this formula. Three seasons of "bread-and-butter programing" (Madison Avenue newspeak for "popular trash"), moved ABC to a solid first in both ratings and profits. Ratings have been punctured and villified — mostly with good cause — but ratings *are* the only measurement in television, and no matter how inaccurately measured it is an indisputable, if lamentable, fact that a bad Western will attract a great many more people than a first-rate drama; furthermore, the Western can be made much cheaper, be sold for a good deal greater margin of profit, and have an unlimited residual value. *The Moon and Sixpence* with Olivier cost over a half-million dollars, was sold originally at a loss, and has never been repeated because no one will sponsor it. For the same amount of money, NBC can make five full-hour *Wagon Trains*, which (happy heritage!) your great-grandchildren will see in a 94th re-run.



Such being the case, what idealist can expect the networks, answerable directly to boards and stockholders — and, unfortunately, *not* answerable to the FCC or to the minority audience that wants more than hoodlum series — to do anything but trundle, rhinoceros-like, into Mr. Ionesco's swamp of sameness? Throw out the showmen, bring in the bookkeepers. Replace talent with calculating machines. There's Profit in Pap!

THAT'S the way it is, and basically it's never going to change. We live in a culture where *Confidential* will always outsell *The New Yorker* ten-to-one. Don't fight it; just read the book of your choice. It's not even a tragedy unless one accepts daily reality as tragic. What *is* wrong, however, is that your local newsstand has *both Confidential* and *The New Yorker,* but in the frantic scramble for dollars the networks have driven almost everything of quality from the air. Even worse, there are no plans or promise for anything but more of the same.

Millions of people have been disenfranchised from watching television, because there is so little to interest them. Each year millions

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more people *stop* watching television. Eighty to 90 per cent of available TV sets used to be tuned in to Milton Berle in the early days; today a show is considered a smash success if it attracts 30 per cent of the available viewers. Someday maybe *no one* will tune in, and that will end the whole problem.

AS ONE who was richly rewarded by television, I can only be sorry. I'm tempted to say it was fun while it lasted, but I'm not so sure. Ten years' worth of statistics alone can be pretty frightening. As a writer, I was responsible for almost a hundred hours of television; as a script editor and producer, I was involved in over 400 hours of TV, formed solid working relationships with about twenty directors, came in practical contact with over 2,000 actors. Measured against individual efforts in other media, these figures add up to several lifetimes; in television, such a record is practically unnoticeable. In New York there are seven channels broadcasting eighteen hours a day seven days a week: a total of *882* hours *each week*. Consider *that* unprecedented, terrifying need for program material when you wonder why someone doesn't raise the general level of the medium.

The anecdotes from the ten years would fill several volumes, but all add up to the fact that television is at one time both funny and sad—and *always* difficult! There were the terribly depressing days of the blacklist, with its endless little tragedies, but the one moment I remember most clearly was sitting with Sidney Poitier as network lawyers interrogated him about certain petitions for civil rights and integrated housing that Sidney had signed. The idea was to "clear" Poitier for a play of mine, *A Man Is Ten Feet Tall*, and the meeting ended when Sidney burst into angry, frustrated tears and ran from the room. Fortunately, without the lawyers, we got him back, and three months later I had the pleasure of sitting with Sidney, this time at the Sylvania Awards banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, as both of us received awards for the play.

I also remember hiding shamefacedly in a coatrack during a rehearsal, while Ezio Pinza stood in the middle of the hall with tears streaming down his cheeks. (Yes, a lot of crying goes on in TV). He had just found out we were planning to fire an elderly Italian actor who, it turned out, couldn't speak a word of English, although he had important plot lines to deliver. Dear Ezio sat up two straight nights with the old man teaching him the role by rote in his own charming brand of broken English. No one ever did know what the play was about, but even then it was clear that no television show was more important than Pinza's decency and the greatness of his spirit. . . . I also remember sitting with Paddy Chayefsky and Gordon Duff (then associate-producer of the Philco Playhouse) with Duff waving his favorite title source, the Bible, in Chayefsky's face and insisting that Paddy change a prosaic-sounding title, *Marty*, to one Gordon felt was better suited, *The Stalled Ox*. . . . I remember complaining bitterly to Fred Coe on one of my early shows that a character described in the play as "chic and attractive" had been seriously miscast. The actress, Grace Kelly, had shown up at the reading in a dreadful, misshapen tweed suit, no makeup and horn-rimmed glasses. . . .

THERE WAS the time I did a du Pont show with Fred and Delbert Mann, an adaptation of *The Red Mill*. It was to be gay and funny. Midway in rehearsal the technicians went on strike, and we had to rush into the studio to experiment with shooting it on tape as a movie would be done, editing the tape later (something which had never been tried before). While the first half hour of the show was on the air to New York, the third half-hour was still being worked on. A man from du Pont stood watching the TV screen and said, quite seriously, "Maybe an atom war will break out, and we can still be saved." No such luck!

I recall the fateful day when Merle Miller came to me, idealism shining from innocent eyes, sobbing of the piteous plight of the Pima Indians, their water rights stolen from them by plundering white men. How best to bring this horrible injustice to the attention of the American public?—by dramatizing the story of Ira Hayes, the Pima who was in the Iwo Jima flag-raising picture and who later died on the reservation, alcoholic and alone.

Bravely and hopefully we plunged forward with *The American*, planning to institute another television first by shooting the entire show on remote locations, using the reservation itself. Then, surprise! *No one* seemed to care about the plight of the Indians, including the Indians themselves; instead, it was how much could every man get for himself. Driven from the Pima reservation, we fled to Tucson, hounded by threatened lawsuits, injunctions and Congressional investigations. The Marines and the Associated Press were after us, fearing that we were despoiling a great image—The Picture. The Governor of Arizona and his state troopers *almost* got us on the last day. But through blizzard and sandstorm, director John Frankenheimer staged and shot the fifty-minute play in five days, working his cast and crew ninety-seven out of a possible one hundred and ten hours. In spite of all, it was a damn good play.

When it was all over, Merle Miller vowed never again to write sympathetically of minority groups; we are all *still* being sued, the rating of the show was reported to 14.3 (i.e., lousy!), and Jack Gould hated the whole thing, dismissing Frankenheimer's incredible and historic effort with ". . . [he] directed with his usual competence."

WHILE I don't particularly treasure that review, which didn't mention my name as producer, I do value three telegrams from Irate Viewers who awarded me "The Order of Lenin" for our production of *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story*. It isn't the nature of the medal that impresses me, but I do feel that any show which arouses such contempt is worth doing. Maybe you can't satisfy a mass audience, but you *can* make some people angry. I also cherish the banner headlines in Massachusetts papers condemning us in terms that haven't been heard in the Bay State since the good old Salem days,

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and the editorial in the South Carolina paper which somehow saw *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story* as a violent thrust against States' rights. I must mention, however, the unusually good reaction to the show, which outnumbered the haters by fifty-to-one.

The two last-named shows were part of a series I was asked to produce a year and a half ago by NBC as an experiment that would test whether an avid audience still existed for "mature" drama. In addition to the above, we did several original plays; a two-part adaptation of *What Makes Sammy Run?; John Brown's Raid,* another play taped completely on location; a one-man drama starring Art Carney; and Robert Crean's imaginatively stylized play based on the life of Salvatore Giuliano.

Nothing to be ashamed of there, yet at the end of the experiment we were told that because our average audience was only 18,000,000 viewers, the whole thing was a hopeless failure. I agree. It is pointless to continue such shows when a less expensive film series can attract twice that audience. And so, onward and upward with the other arts.

Creativity needs room to move in, fresh air to breathe. Perhaps I'm too quick to suffer shortness of breath and too easily panic from claustrophobia, but I find the limited atmosphere allocated by the Machinemen to be intolerable. From the quiet of my living room, the TV set off, the fields of the theatre and independent motion picture production look far greener.

Besides, souls shrivel at the enormity of the failure one suffers in today's TV. How extraordinary a world is television—a place where you can flop in front of 20,000,000 people and be told that *nobody* was watching!!

MUNITIONS: A WAY OF LIFE . . *by Jerry Greene*

IN HIS radio-TV farewell to the American people on January 17, President Eisenhower said: "We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

Mr. Eisenhower's warning against the munitions lobby, the modern descendants of the "war-makers" of other years, should be kept in mind during the ensuing months while a new Administration, sharply critical of its predecessor for not spending enough money for arms, pours billions into more guns and bombs.

The warning was not a spur-of-the-moment thought by Eisenhower. It had been on his mind for years. As the nation's top military leader, he was able to override the frantic pleas of admirals and generals for more money for their pet schemes. He called these demands "parochial," and repeatedly was able to make his judgment stick with the Congress. And to the last, he had grave doubts that either Jack Kennedy or Dick Nixon would prove sufficiently mature, sufficiently powerful to beat back the efforts of the "military-industrial complex" to gain control of the nation's entire economy through manipulation of the defense budget.

The President outlined his fears in a conversation, last fall, with one of his top advisers, a man deeply concerned about the continued high level of U.S. defense spending. Subsequently, the adviser summed up that conversation for me:

"You will recall the Nye investigation of the munitions industry. The situation then was nothing compared to what it is today. You no longer merely have a munitions lobby to contend with. You have a new way of life. For in this cold war, you find that the militarists-industrialists are pretty well running our affairs. Don't think just of a few big TNT manufacturers — the du Ponts and such. Think in terms of whole industries, of thousands of subcontractors. Think of the wages paid, the local merchants who are supported through defense spending. Think of the propaganda from the Pentagon's massive public-information organizations.

"Then think also of the National Guard's persistent grabs for more money, more equipment. Think of the thousands of recruiting officers on duty everywhere, every one a propagandist, a lobbyist. And remember the hundreds of ROTC units, each another tentacle of the propaganda octopus reaching into millions of homes. All this combines for more pressure for more money from the federal treasury. It's dynamite. The boss is worried."

The munition-makers have gone far beyond the simple business of lobbying with Congress. Today, the pressure is applied to the public in the justified expectation it will swiftly reach the Congress in the most telling manner.

AN IDEA of the extent of the spread of defense business can be found in the Pentagon's last survey, covering the fiscal year 1960. At that time, it was estimated, there were between 15,000 and 20,000 individual contractors with defense contracts of $10,000 or more. Fascinating facts were revealed in a list of the hundred companies and 118 subsidiaries which received the largest dollar volume of contracts (total: $15,410,000,000). Johns Hopkins University ($34.8 million) was No. 73 on the list of the "Big 100," just ahead of du Pont and its subsidiary, Remington Arms, Inc., ($34.5 million). M.I.T. ($50.6 million) did better than either, ranking as No. 55 on the list. Together, the hundred companies accounted for 73.4 per cent of the total of $20,995,000,000 in all defense contracts for the year.

Another list contained the hun-

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dred top defense contractors among government agencies and "non-profit institutions" (meaning colleges and universities); the contracts ranged from Iowa State College's $247,000 to the big M.I.T. figure. The heavy expenditures of federal defense money in these schools — $361,000 for Linfield College, McMinnville, Ore.; $276,000 for Catholic University, Washington, D.C.— were as much in Eisenhower's mind, when he warned of the "military-industrialist complex," as a $600 lobbyist's tab for entertaining a Congressman.

Part of the danger emanating directly from the defense industry itself was exposed last year by the House Armed Services Subcommittee for Special Investigations, headed by Rep. F. Edward Hébert (D-La.). This investigation was, in fact, a far deeper inquiry into the munitions lobby than appeared from press reports. Technically, the subcommittee was studying the employment by defense industry of retired military officers and was seeking to draft preventive legislation. Hébert eventually came out with a tough bill providing criminal punishment for influence peddlers. Then the Chairman of the full committee, Carl Vinson (D-Ga.), emasculated the bill and eased through the House a meaningless measure which corrected nothing at all.

BUT there are juicy findings in the records of the Hébert hearings, harsh evidence of the sneaky and deadly combine which Eisenhower feared so greatly. For example, the committee reported:

> The President of the United States expressed concern over rivalry between two defense contractors engaged in a public debate through advertising media while a decision on the merits of their respective weapons was pending. Advertisements portrayed a dire impact upon the economy if their subcontractors were put out of work.

That's the modern way: don't stop at buying a Congressman a few drinks; get social-minded and look after the "welfare" of the community. Make the taxpayers buy your program.

"Two hundred and sixty-one general or flag officers," the committee said, "and 485 above the rank of colonel and Navy captain were employed by manufacturers of 80 per cent of new weapons."

During one two-day debate on the Hébert bill (which the author knew was lost) the Louisiana Congressman struck out angrily on the House floor:

> A subcommittee uncovered what was going on in the Bahamas whereby the Martin Company of Baltimore was entertaining on a lavish scale both active and retired officers, among whom were some who within thirty days would appear before the Appropriations Committee in support of contracts which included parcels for the Martin Co.
>
> I can only give you the facts. I can only say to you that when Dr. [George] Bunker became president of the Martin Co. it was on the verge of bankruptcy. Today Martin Co. is No. 2 on the defense contract list, and paid a dollar more per share, while the Douglas Aircraft was losing $93 million. The Martin Co. does not do a dime's worth of work for private business. Every nickel comes from the government in subsidies. Why should they entertain their only customer, the people they do business with?

The indignant Bunker — his company was No. 6 on the 1960 "Big 100" list with $596.7 million in contracts — made an illuminating comment from the witness stand:

> There has been an impression that these military officers have been subjected to undue influence by being our guests.
>
> I think this is a serious problem. I think we have got a grave question facing us today. It has to do with what the capitalistic system can fundamentally do. And it is made up with competitive businesses. And the combination of these competitive businesses in private industry and in government is to develop the weapons systems, the things which we have to compete with the Communists, with the monolithic structure that organizes all their capabilities.
>
> Now, we are one of the largest manufacturers of missiles in the country. I am the chairman of it. In common with my own counterparts in industry, I feel a big responsibility for this. And I don't think that our system of weapons development is going to work effectively if we do anything that keeps us from bringing together the major capacities of the people that of necessity have to work closely together.
>
> We can only succeed with an intimate relationship between all these segments.
>
> I submit to you that it is the kind of thing that won two wars and that permits us to have the defense posture that we do today.

John Courtney, the astute committee counsel, took this wordy statement apart with one question: "Well," he asked, "was it the entertainment or military strength that won the wars, Mr. Bunker?"

The Martin Company incident, of course, is simply a reminder that the old-fashioned methods of lobbying have not been entirely replaced by the new. The more modern type is exemplified in the story of the Nike-Zeus anti-missile, not yet approved by the nation's top experts, which could involve $14 billion in taxpayers' money.

RIGHT NOW there is nothing hotter in the race for space, either here or in the Soviet Union, than the search for an anti-missile weapon which can defend against an intercontinental atomic warhead. The Nike-Zeus is the Army's contender; and it happens, also, to be the Army's last big chance to keep the door open to the wonderful world of supersonic rockets — a door almost slammed shut when the Defense Department restricted the Army to the development of short-range missiles.

The war over the Nike-Zeus has been running more than four years now; and, including the amounts projected for it in the 1961-1962 budget, the Army has put more than $1 billion into it. But the scientists and the generals have split sharply on whether the weapon is worth putting into production. The Army — and the Army contractors — scream yes; the Air Force and the Navy vote no, not yet. And after studying all the available reports, Mr. Eisenhower agreed with the Air Force and the Navy.

Hébert's committee last year gave "particular consideration" to "advertisements of the Western Electric

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Co. concerning the Nike-Zeus system." Hébert's report said:

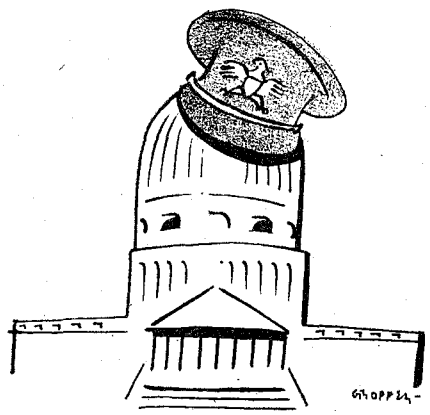
> The two comparisons [i.e., involving the Bomarc, an anti-aircraft missile, as well as the Nike-Zeus] which have been mentioned are believed to have been provocation for the criticism of pressures being applied on Defense Department officials at the time a decision was pending concerning these contending weapons systems.
>
> The subcommittee is of the opinion that such advertising is detrimental to the defense effort. It provokes controversy and promotes dissension, and introduces biased, narrow and prejudicial considerations into purely military decisions.
>
> The subcommittee is of the opinion that advertising by a defense contractor purporting to show the method of construction, particularly the military effectiveness of a weapon or the economic impact of a cancellation upon employees or its subcontractors, is dangerous and unhealthy.

The Hébert subcommittee was not alone in wrestling with Nike-Zeus (and, as will be seen, what Hébert found then was small potatoes as compared to the situation today). Army partisans had been battling full force for the weapon in the House Appropriations Committee itself. Former Defense Secretary Thomas Gates patiently told the committee that Nike-Zeus looked promising, but it simply wasn't ready for production. "It is loaded with every known kind of difficulty and problem," Gates testified. "I hope some day we will learn more about this problem from the work we are doing in the anti-missile field; but what can actually be done only time will tell."

Gates almost wept trying to pursuade the Congressmen that, contrary to Army claims, Nike-Zeus was being treated fairly:

"The Nike-Zeus program was given an enormous amount of consideration by the President's Scientific Advisory Committee, by our Scientific Advisory Committee, by our Director of Research, by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was a very important decision, first from the standpoint of the defense of the United States, and second, financially. The first one is much more important than the financial because an anti-missile defense is vital — if it can be successfully developed. . . . The Nike-Zeus system has serious problems about it. . . . I do not want to downgrade it before we give it its fair chance because it is the only anti-missile system we have that looks promising."

FOR a project likely to involve $14 billion before it is finished, it would appear that Gates was taking a



sound, reasonable position. But the Army insisted that its own scientists and experts were right, and that the weapon was worth the gamble. The Army and its partisans (and foremost among them the manufacturers of the Nike-Zeus weapon) have never stopped pressing for its adoption. Indeed, the pressures have mounted. The trade magazine *Missiles & Rockets*, Jan. 30, 1961, bears on the cover notice of a special report: "Kennedy's Big Decision — Should He Order Nike-Zeus Production Now?" The report runs for twenty-eight pages. The lead article notes: "Each day that a go-ahead order is delayed is a day lost in beginning deployment — which is three years away at the earliest. . . ."

Western Electric, the prime contractor for Nike-Zeus, spanked soundly for its "dangerous and unhealthy" advertising by Representative Hébert less than a year ago, has a two-page ad in the magazine asserting that the company "is proud of the responsibility assigned to it as leader of the Army's Nike-Zeus industrial team of companies which bring together broad and diverse capabilities." Western Electric names eighteen subcontractors. Three pages later, Thiokol, one of the subcontractors, has a full-page ad boasting of the reliability of the Zeus booster rocket which it makes. Sperry Gyroscope has another paid page, as does Westinghouse.

It is reported that $90 million have been spent for test facilities on Kwajalein Island to see what Nike-Zeus can do in experiments set for mid-1961.

But the clamor goes on ahead of the tests. Congress is in session and funds are up for appropriation. A section of the military-industrial complex is demanding its great chunk of the tax dollar, regardless of the judgment of many scientists, economists and military men.

ARMY MAGAZINE for February, 1961, devotes its cover to a four-color photo of a Nike-Zeus test firing. The magazine contains the same full-page ad from Thiokol, and another from Douglas. The Douglas ad states that "Army's Zeus is designed for a hit *every time* on supersonic bull's-eyes. . . . Tests of this new anti-missile show that it will attack enemy ICBM's with 100 per cent accuracy at a distant interception point." A claim as extravagant as this for a new razor blade would get the advertiser hauled up before the Federal Trade Commission for phony advertising. Douglas neglects to note that these "tests" are slide-rule operations; there has never been a full test of a single Zeus against a free-flying ICBM warhead, and there can't be before next summer at the earliest.

Army Magazine is the publication of the Association of the U.S. Army. It is unofficial, but it represents Army positions and Army thinking. The Air Force and Navy have similar association publications. Each of these, openly partisan, is certainly entitled to express its partisanship. But when the military-industrial complex can command nearly unlimited funds — all traceable to the U.S. Treasury — to influence Congress, to sway or overturn decisions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the President of the United States, then certainly the time has come for the country to take heed of the words of warning in Eisenhower's last public testament.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Barnes Collection

Maurice Grosser

IN 1951, at the age of seventy-nine, Dr. Alfred C. Barnes, Philadelphia philanthropist and art collector, drove through a red light and was killed. He left behind him, in the Barnes Foundation, one of the world's largest and most celebrated collections of pictures. It was also one of the least accessible. No catalogue existed; no picture from it was ever loaned and no photograph allowed to be reproduced. Relatively few persons had seen it—only the small body of students matriculated in the foundation's courses of art appreciation, a scattering of the doctor's personal friends and picture dealers, and such guests and applicants as were acceptable to his despotic and unpredictable whim. Getting in was very difficult. One wrote a letter of request, which often remained unanswered and was as often refused. Emily Genauer, the art critic, was turned down apparently because she had telephoned to the foundation's unlisted number. Jacques Lipchitz, the sculptor, was not let in although the foundation contained many and most important examples of his work. James A. Michener, refused under his real identity when a college student, got in by pretending to be a steel worker from Pittsburgh.

This last is not astonishing. Barnes was a self-made man, and however difficult he may have been with those of wealth or position, he always professed sympathy for what he called "plain people." Born of very poor parents in a Philadelphia slum, he had helped pay his way through medical school by playing semi-professional baseball. And when he became rich from the invention of argyrol, he retained a warm and somewhat Whitmanesque regard for ball players, firemen and Negro spiritual singers. He had known the painters John Sloan and William Glackens in school; he, himself, had even tried to paint. As soon as he could afford it, he began to collect pictures, and called on Glackens for advice. That was in 1910 or 1911. Glackens was devoted to the French Post-Impressionists and particularly to Renoir, and had no use for the conservative pictures Barnes was then acquiring. He introduced him to a more contemporary style of painting, with such effect that in 1912 Barnes dispatched him to Paris with $20,000 in his pocket to spend on modern works. Glackens bought him a small Renoir—a *Girl Reading,* the Van Gogh *Postman* and other Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works. Barnes must have liked them immensely, for six months later he was himself in Paris buying on his own. By the middle twenties his taste and acumen as a collector in the modern field had become celebrated; in 1923 his latest seventy-five acquisitions were given a special exhibition by Paul Guillaume in his Paris gallery. The show aroused such interest that it was immediately brought over to be exhibited by particular request at the Philadelphia Academy of Art.

BARNES'S other major interest was popular education, an interest probably awakened by the influence of his lifelong friend, the philosopher and teacher John Dewey. Barnes believed passionately in the possibility of bringing culture and philosophy within the reach of the ordinary working man, and began by offering classes in psychology to the workmen in his factory. He also hung a selection of his modern pictures on the walls of the plant. And in 1922, for the express purpose of teaching art and art appreciation according to the guided group-discussion methods advocated by Dewey, he established and endowed the Barnes Foundation, and donated to it his constantly growing picture collection.

In 1922, when the foundation was begun, modern painting was some forty years less familiar than it is today, and examples of it correspondingly more difficult to evaluate. Barnes himself chose his pictures, I believe, the way all great collectors do. He bought pictures and kept them around, and those that died on the wall he traded in for others. Nevertheless, he thought that he had found, in a variant of Clive Bell's "significant form," a sure and objective method of art criticism. It was roughly this: the subject matter of the picture as well as the work's poetic content were to be disregarded. One was to look only at the plastic (or formal) means employed. These formal elements he considered to be color (which included light), line and space. Barnes maintained that the value of a work of art could be accurately determined, first by the expressivity achieved by each of these elements taken separately, and then by the unity of effect arrived at by their combined use. He was also convinced that the best way to teach the appreciation of great painting was to put a student in front of a masterpiece and teach him to evaluate it by this system. He even believed that in this way students could be taught to paint original works.

Consequently, the foundation was staffed with instructors trained in Barnes's methods of criticism, and endowed with the best possible examples of modern painting to serve as material for analysis. The courses were entirely philosophical and verbal—no practice or training in drawing or painting was permitted within the institution. Especially was it forbidden to make copies of the pictures on display. Students were accepted on grounds of their general suitability and Dr. Barnes's approval. No previous knowledge of art or art history was required. There was no tuition.

THE SCHOOL has now been in operation for more than thirty-five years. Despite the doctor's great and constant generosity in grants and traveling fellowships, the results have been disappointing. A few art instructors and writers on aesthetics have been turned out, but as far as I know there has not been a single painter of any value—a record that could have been predicted for a school of art education based entirely on the ritual admiration of masterpieces.

Although he established the art gallery as a functional part of the teaching system, Barnes did not, I believe, at first intend to hold it as inaccessible from the general public as it soon became. The foundation's original trust indenture provided that the collection would be open to the public three days a week, the times and conditions to be regulated at the discretion of the board of trustees. That was in 1922. In 1923, the much-heralded exposition of Barnes's new Paris acquisitions was held at the Philadelphia Academy. The results were deplorable. The pictures—particularly it seems those of Soutine—were more than Philadelphia could take. There was an immediate and outraged uproar. Barnes was deeply hurt and vociferously furious with public, critics and museums alike. And when the foundation was inaugurated the following year, Philadelphia found that he had taken his revenge. He invoked the discretionary clause in the charter; the public was excluded and the

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collection became accessible only by particular invitation.

This policy was continued after Barnes's death, although I believe that latterly any qualified person, on writing a letter, has been received. Now, however, the interdict is over. The State of Pennsylvania, after a series of long and difficult legal maneuvers, has succeeded in establishing the principle that a charitable, tax-free institution like the Barnes Foundation falls under the supervisionary jurisdiction of the state's attorney general, and must be administered for the public benefit. And it is announced that, after a date not yet named in the near future, the public up to the number of two hundred will be admitted to the foundation two days of the week, that on the other days the gallery will be open to art students and instructors by arrangement, and that to facilitate requests, the foundation's telephone number will henceforth be listed. Whether the school continues under this public invasion is up to directors. It probably will go on, since if classes cease, the foundation's income falls under the attorney general's supervision.

THE COLLECTION, which I have recently had the privilege to see, is every bit as extraordinary as one was led to believe. There are about a thousand pictures—some two hundred Renoirs; a hundred Cézannes; seventy or eighty Matisses; twenty to thirty Picassos, all of the early and most valuable periods; fifteen or twenty Douanier Rousseaus; one of the largest and finest Seurats, depicting his studio with model; numerous Van Goghs, Soutines, Modiglianis, Pascins, along with examples of all the rest of the School of Paris—even including one not-too-important Derain, a painter whom Barnes, I am told, particularly disliked. There is a collection of locks and keys, of Negro sculpture, of Early American furniture, tapestries after designs by Picasso and Rouault, a Matisse mural, a large group of Flemish and Italian painting including a fine Tintoretto and a Titian portrait of a man with a little boy; the man, wearing a short beard and a troubled expression, resembles for all the world the present director of the School of the American Ballet.

The monetary value of all this is fantastic. Of course, it would be impossible, even if one wished, to sell the collection outright. Such massive unloading would destroy the market. Nevertheless, I am told by Mr. Georges Keller, of the Carstairs Gallery and formerly of the Bignou, who acted as Dr. Barnes's agent in purchasing a greater part of the work, that if, little by little, buyers could be found, the collection would bring in something between $300 and $500 million. None of the collection is insured. Dr. Barnes maintained, sensibly, that a work of art is irreplaceable, and that insuring it serves no purpose.

The building that houses the pictures stands back in wooded grounds—a large, pleasant, open, rectangular, limestone structure in a simplified French Renaissance style, resembling more a fine private mansion than a picture gallery. In fact the pictures are there hung as in a private house, with little attempt at placement according to painter, date or school. Each frame carries only the painter's name—all very much in keeping with Dr. Barnes's attitude toward subject matter. His particular favorites among the painters were Matisse, Renoir and Cézanne, all of whose various manners are here exhaustively exemplified. There are even pictures that the doctor himself recognized as faulty, but which he acquired to show his classes how badly even the greatest artists could sometimes paint. There is, for example, a girl by Renoir with a clumsily drawn forearm, and a well-known Cézanne figure piece—four men bathers and Mont Ste. Victoire in the background—which, with its poison-green grass and stickily painted bodies, could scarcely appear more laboriously uninspired. On the other hand, there are: two portraits of Mme. Cézanne, one with a single glove and one in a hat, as noble and direct as Titians; the most successful of the large figure compositions; the famous *Boy With Skull;* the even more famous large finished version of *The Card Players;* together with the finest imaginable collection of still lifes and landscapes, the greater part unknown to the public, even, I believe, in photographs.

As for Renoir, beginning with four large decorative panels of nudes in a somewhat pre-Impressionist mural style, there is a complete and extraordinary presentation of all his periods, from the pictures painted on the Marne as a very young man, down to the best fat, pink ladies of his latter years I have yet seen. The Matisses, on the other hand, I found disappointing. And the famous mural, with its flat, monochrome figures silhouetted like cut-outs in three contiguous lunettes, is so slight and economical as to leave almost no impression at all. The Matisses of the Cone collection in Baltimore seem to me much finer. But then, in Baltimore Matisse is not placed cheek by jowl with much greater masters.

It is almost useless to go on with the

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ONE of the first important results of the recent merger of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House is the combining of two of the most distinguished paperback series in the country — Vintage Books and Modern Library paperbacks — under the single imprint of Vintage Books. The Vintage series now includes such important authors as Camus, Cather, Faulkner, Forster, Gide, Graves, Malraux, Mann, Mencken, O'Neill, Sartre and Wallace Stevens.

The following titles for Spring 1961 represent the first combined list to be published under the new Vintage imprint.

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THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL DEFENSE
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enumeration—of the two splendid large Picassos, one a blue period of a boy and man in juggler costume, the other a pink, of nude girl, child and goat; the disquieting Pascin of young woman and little boy; the numerous, important and delicious Rousseaus; the curious Degas of two reclining nudes and a pair of standing legs, looking almost as if cut out from a larger canvas; the Lautrec portraits and the tiny Daumier of a painter at his easel, certainly Daumier himself; the Bonnard of a woman at a red-covered table addressing invitations.

Particularly gratifying are the numerous Glackens. Glackens has always been rated an inferior imitator of Renoir. But here, where the two painters can be so beautifully compared, it becomes clear that the charge is unfounded. Glackens' brushwork, it is true, derives from Renoir's, but there the likeness ends. Glackens' bright color contrasts resemble not at all Renoir's quiet and meditative harmonies. And Glackens' brash exuberance of sentiment and subject bears no likeness to Renoir's mellow cheerfulness and restrained good manners. From the wonderful examples shown here—the charming self-portrait as a young man, the race track on a summer day, the New England bathing scene—it becomes evident that Glackens is not a French imitator, but a straightforward American painter and one of the very best.

IT IS, in sum, a magnificent collection. True, it dates a little. With no Surrealism and little abstract work, and including as it does a few names now out of style, it evokes more than a little the aesthetic climate of thirty years ago—of *The Dial* and *Broom* and *Vanity Fair*. According to the articles of incorporation, neither the hanging nor the composition of the collection can ever be changed. As time goes on it will probably appear more and more a period piece. I do not think it will suffer from it. With so few inferior pieces, such an abundance of outstanding ones, it should weather the most radical changes of taste.

Dr. Barnes was a controversial figure. Whatever can be said about him, of his implacable resentments toward those he considered his adversaries, or his great generosity toward his intimates and friends, he was after all, as his collection demonstrates, a princely type with a prince's taste for the best in painting. And despite his affirmed devotion to a somewhat arid theory of artistic formalism, the emphasis he placed in his collection on human values is evidence enough of his humanity. Neither he nor his collection will soon be forgotten.

Man with the Luger

JOURNEY NOT TO END. By Paul Herr. Bernard Geis Associates. 250 pp. $3.95.

Nelson Algren

THIS assassin's travelogue, told by a Luger-toting Existentialist, personifies a rage against humanity so deep that one senses it could not burn so steadily were it not fed by fires of love.

"*From Belsen the Americans transplanted us to a kinder place,*" he begins without identifying himself further. "I still imagined that a man imprisoned by one State can be liberated by another; this is not true. A man can only liberate himself by himself and for himself. All else is madness and collaboration."

Effecting an escape from the American camp, he spends the years after Belsen at sea, yet from himself can find no escape. His dreams make the landscape of violence, and the breath of Belsen is on every man's mouth.

"So long as organized Terror exists in any State, all other States that resist it *on its own terms only* will tend to adopt more and more of its dehumanizing techniques," he believes. "For years I had been recording the decline of the so-called Free World as it apes the concentration camp life it pretends with all its resources to oppose." Yet he himself does not realize clearly that by resisting the violence of society *on its own terms* he too becomes dehumanized.

"I do not hate violence itself," he writes, seeking to justify violence as a way of life. "If I kill you because I hate you as an individual, I am still human, and although I have taken your life I have not denied your humanity. But if I do this without passion, because of an Order, because of your Number or your Category, we both become Things."

This curious justification of violence on the basis of an abstract humanitarianism is precisely the point at which the work of Camus became unraveled, making it as useful to men of no conscience as to men of conscience. Like the thought of this nameless nihilist, the thought of Camus became so intellectualized that it presents no threat to fascism today. It is for this reason that the Camus books and plays are popular in Franco's Spain, while the work of Sartre, which presents a real danger to the state, is barred there.

The man with the Luger is a divided man: he seeks to isolate himself from the company of men at the same time that he is obsessed by the conviction that "unless man's life is unique, and his life has relevance to the lives of others, life itself becomes a gaseous carcass to be dumped without ceremony into an incinerator." Yet how is a man's life to have relevance, and thus be unique, if it is not lived in the company of men?

He attempts to compromise with himself: "It is best for one to read only those papers written in a language one does not understand too well. It is best to speak directly only to strangers."

His abiding rage at having been reduced to a Thing, his dread of being once more a Number, seduces him into conversation with many strangers—and always to subsequent violence. It is, however, always a rational violence. It is always passionless, and resorted to

Song in the Studio of Paul Klee

The moon of the Moors is not outside tonight.
It is in the heart of an old angora cat
and beats, as she sleeps,
in my lap. Tomorrow afternoon
the final leaf will fall.
It will be blue.
And if, by chance, it condescends to float
on our blue windowsill,
we will hear, as it hits, the tinkle of a flute
or six cuckoos popping from six clocks.
These slovenly clouds that pass
between the cubes of muscle in the brain
are those I counted once
on a cold and polished marble tabletop
at uncle's restaurant.
Or, flat on my back, from the bottom of a boat
I shall one day see:
and feel the roll of the boat as the pilot plunges the pole
and sails to where there is no moon at all.

PAUL CARROLL

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only when no alternative remains. Then it is as efficient as Belsen.

Curiously, this is not a cold book. Its women, the landscape of its dreams, great ports and moving waters, market and bazaar, come alive with a sound of music. It is a book told with poetry and force, and the first novel dealing authentically with the overthrow of Batista to come into this reviewer's sightline. The title is unfortunate because it raises comparison with Céline. In such a comparison, Herr's novel falls short, not by the quality of its writing, but because it lacks the sense of completion afforded by *Journey to the End of Night.*

But this novel is an event.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

DENIS JOHNSTON'S *The Moon in the Yellow River* (East End Theatre) has long been one of my favorite plays. It was first produced by Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1931 where — like so many other fine Irish plays — it was booed by an audience committed to the proposition that the Irish must always be presented as heroes or persons of infinite charm and wisdom. The Theatre Guild (while I was its playreader) produced the play in 1932. It met with a rather cool press at first, but George Jean Nathan's enthusiasm made several of the reviewers reverse their original judgments. The damage had already been done: the play failed.

The present revival, staged by David Fulford, is intelligent and the cast very well chosen. The more intimate aspects of the play — the personal problem of its central figure who is not quite its protagonist (this may be one of the play's faults) — are not sufficiently enriched by emotional substance to make much effect. Still one is given the play.

Though the reviewers have now welcomed the play most cordially, I am not sure that they fully understand it. One of the remarkable features of *The Moon in the Yellow River* is that, while its locale, circumstances and all but one of its characters are Irish, the play does not concern Irish problems. "The Moon" is in fact one of the few plays by an Irish author which is of extensive (not to say "universal") significance.

The plot deals with the efforts of an Austrian engineer — Tausch — to run a powerhouse he has built in a remote corner of the Irish countryside. This project is opposed by a romantic "anarchist" who thinks of Ireland as an oasis that must remain untainted by modern industrialism and large-scale capitalism, which are always accompanied by the development of a miserable proletariat. This poet of a man (once a leading fighter in the struggle against British rule) proposes to blow up the Austrian's powerhouse. The gesture comes to naught because the homemade bombs won't explode. The police intervene, the "poet" is shot to death by a police captain who had been his comrade in arms against the English. But the powerhouse gets blown up when the two lovable duffers who made the apparently worthless bombs try to get rid of them on a scrapheap.

The play is a little parable dramatizing the conflict of the romantic spirit against mechanical science and even "progressive" capitalism. But since this parable is told in realistic terms the "fates" which so often conspire against the processes of reason are represented by very funny figures traditional in Irish comedy because they are not uncommon in the country. The industrialist Tausch is represented as a good-hearted gentleman of a serious but optimistically simple-minded disposition, fed like so many mid-Europeans on the belief in the benevolent effects of a mechanical *cum* business civilization when softened by the influence of chamber music, moralizing verse, and other appurtenances of culture. This portrait is not only delightful in itself but typical of the humanity with which all the "philosophic" motifs of the play are treated.

There is the extreme individualist, a good woman and a spinster, who guards her independence so fiercely that she keeps even her bicycle under close watch as part of her preserve. There is the little I.R.A. private who goes about terrorizing the "enemy" with an unloaded gun, while he himself is held in complete subjection by his devoutly religious mother. There is the retired engineer, an intellectual living in impassive withdrawal from the world as a pained and puzzled spectator, who is unable and unwilling to take action in the play's issues because he is uncertain about the meaning and value of destiny's course.

The play has a hesitant and insinuatingly tender wisdom. Many more things are suggested than one might suppose possible in so frail a dramatic structure. The desperately comic ending in which the works are exploded by inadvertence

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Author of *On War, The Century of Total War,* and *France: The New Republic,* Raymon Aron is Professor of Sociology at the Sorbonne.

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is one instance. The murder of the drunken "poet" (who dies because he tries to grasp "the moon in the yellow river") reminds one of the vindictiveness of ex-Communists toward those who once "lured" them into the movement. (The brutality of the reversal is motivated by the rationalized hysteria of the original impulse.) Best of all is the moment when the honest, fair-minded Tausch, appalled by the shooting, is told by the police captain: "It may be brains and inspiration that makes the country at the start, but it's my help you'll always be telephoning for before the end."

Here we are at the crux of the contradiction history has never yet resolved. Tausch is told that the "poet" "belonged to a different world that had no chance against yours — a world that must inevitably have been destroyed by you. . . . You've always been disturbing the waters with your machinery and drowning his moon in mud. No, in the end you would either have to kill him or to give up the fight."

This truly mature comedy endures, not because it is a drama of Irish politics or a joke about Irish fecklessness, but because it is a modestly symbolic play about the age-old struggle between hand and soul, rationalism and mysticism. It contains no easy answers, for no reconciliation of the two forces has as yet been consummated.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

COLUMBIA RECORDS, in its *Modern American Music Series,* is performing a service for American culture which other recording companies might well emulate. This project resulted from a conversation which took place a few years ago between an American composer and an official of Columbia Records, in which the musician pointed out that neglect of American music by recording companies was almost total; that they simply pretended it didn't exist, while the reservoir of unrecorded works grew deeper each year. With remarkable good will, the recording executive asked (and was told) how he might alter this situation. The *Modern American Music Series* was an answer. A committee consisting of Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Henry Cowell, Goddard Lieberson and William Schuman was formed to select works to be recorded each year. The choice of performers was left to the composer, and he was also given the privilege of supervising not only rehearsals but the recording session. The result has been a series of splendid recordings which accurately represent a portion of our best contemporary output. They are produced with the same care given to other Columbia issues, and the roster of performers includes many of the most distinguished names in the United States. Recently, Columbia has been issuing these discs at closer intervals. I have three of them before me at the moment, one of which has a special interest for me, since it contains a work of my own, for soprano, flute, clarinet and harpsichord, called *Four Fragments from the Caunterbury Tales.*

A composer obviously cannot criticize his own work, but perhaps I may give a brief description and some discussion of the performance. *Four Fragments* is a chamber cycle of songs, derived from four sections of Chaucer's narrative: *Prologue* ("Whan that Aprille with her shoures soote," etc.); *A Knyght; A Yong Squier;* and *The Wyf of Biside Bathe.* They are intended to be a series of descriptive, lyrical vignettes, adding up to a balanced entity. The style is consonant and bright—rather airy and transparent because of the sonorities of the woodwinds and harpsichord.

Nobody could be happier than I am with the performance of these songs by the young soprano, Adele Addison. She has one of the most beautiful voices to be heard anywhere today: silky, perfectly controlled and warm. Her musicianship is complete. The other performers, also fine, are Robert Conant, harpsichord; Charles Russo, clarinet; and Martin Orenstein, flute.

The other composer on this disc is Theodore Chanler, whose *Nine Epitaphs* are sung by Phyllis Curtin, of the New York City Opera Company, accompanied by pianist F. Ryan Edwards. These are charming evocations of the kind of inscriptions to be found on old gravestones in rural England. The texts, by Walter de la Mare, range from gentle poignancy to slight irony, and Chanler's settings are both apposite and musically sensitive. He writes with fluency in a moderately conservative, clean-lined style. His command of prosody is extremely secure. I first heard these songs in performance (there were only six *Epitaphs* then) some years ago; it is a pleasure to find them as pungent as I had remembered. Phillis Curtin sings them with insight and musicality, though her enunciation, as ever, contains trani sient flaws. (ML-5598; MS-6198).

Lukas Foss's *String Quartet No. 1* which, with William Bergsma's *Third Quartet,* is presented on another record in this series, was written in 1947 when the composer was only 23 years old. It is a refined work, lyrical in its basic orientation, and bearing no trace of the

Dwight Eisenhower Speaks!

The following passage is reprinted from the San Francisco Examiner:

". . . for the part of Chester . . . Burton Wolfe's off-beat publication, **The Californian,** is making hay this issue with a collection of Eisenhower press conference quotations. . . . Accurately transcribed material of this kind almost always looks weird in print, as anybody who ever covered politics can tell you. I wonder what ever happened to the old protective tradition that nobody ever quotes the President directly."

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composer's youth except in its freshness of spirit. The first section alternates between sharp-edged rhythmic movement and a song-like melodic flow. The second is introspective in a rather cool and elevated manner, and cast (according to the composer) in theme and variations form. The finale is lively. Foss's style in this work is elegant; less individual than in some of his latest works; and a bit reminiscent of Loeffler's kind of modalism. The performance by the American Art Quartet is immaculate.

I find Bergsma's *Third Quartet* musically unconvincing. It is one of those works in which the composer seems to have put down melodic lines, counterpoints, rhythmic patterns, and harmonies without any particular expressive purpose. The Juilliard String Quartet plays the work with energy, but with less attempt to make it meaningful than I would have expected (ML-5476).

The *Piano Quintet* by Ross Lee Finney, which appears on ML-5477, is written in the 12-tone technique, but its basic orientation seems to be toward the Romantic school. Its dissonance saturation is high, but with expressivity rather than shock as the objective. This is a work which one could hear many times with increasing satisfaction, though its ideas are perfectly clear on first hearing as well. The slightly Prokofieff-influenced Allegro scherzando is particularly ingratiating. However, the slow movements are equally solid. The work is beautifully performed by Beveridge Webster, pianist, and the Stanley Quartet of the University of Michigan.

The *String Quartet 1931* by Ruth Crawford Seeger on this same disc is also an arresting work, though less successful and secure than the Finney. It begins with passages of contrapuntal writing which no doubt look interestingly tangled on paper, but do not convince the ear. There is, however, a section of this Quartet in which a very clever, dissonant texture is built up and sustained for a long time. This dramatic section, plus the cogently conceived parts immediately preceding it, make the work rewarding. The Amati String Quartet plays it splendidly.

Finally, on a record which is not part of the *Modern American Music Series*, but distinctly warrants praise, Columbia has issued music by Edgar Varèse, conducted by Robert Craft (*Ionisation; Density 21.5; Intégrales; Octandre; Hyperprism*) and the first recording of that composer's *Poème Electronique*, created directly on tape for the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. Whether or not one is a follower of the avant-garde, this record compels attention as an historical document. Varèse, in a long and consistently revolutionary career, has always been respected for sincerity and fertility of imagination. It is fascinating to observe that his percussion ensemble writing back in 1924 was far more subtle and "advanced" than that done by the covey of professional avant-gardists in the 1950's and 1960's. Equally, it is interesting to hear Webernesque and late-Stravinsky sounds in music which antedates Stravinsky's *Agon* by roughly thirty years. However, hearing these pieces one after the other strengthens my suspicion that this kind of music has lived its day; that composers who persist with instrumental sonority and color for its own sake will seal their futures as historical curiosities (ML-5478).

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

NOTHING is harder to invent than a really satisfactory chair. Each season a new zoo of them is designed and produced, but few survive in the market. Like the durable male movie stars — Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, etc. — our best modern chairs are by now no longer juveniles, but leathery leading men. For example, the Mies van der Rohe *Barcelona* chair was made in 1929; Alvar Aalto's line of bentwood chairs is vintage 1934; Marcel Breuer made his spring cantilever chair in 1928 (before Tab Hunter was even born); Hardoy and his colleagues slung their famous sling chair in 1939. Even the mass-produced Eames plywood chair and the Saarinen womb chair have been with us since the 1940's.

All these classic modern chairs share something; they were designed by architects, and, in a way, were all early predictions of the whole modern design movement — slogans for the kind of architecture the architects were not yet able to sell to many clients. As such, furniture continues to be interesting to anyone interested in design currents.

Few of the famous American architects are seriously designing furniture any longer. Only Charles Eames, who no longer practices architecture, keeps on turning out high-level seating, and this is fortunate, for he is a really talented man. Probably the practicing architects are all too busy doing buildings. But this, it seems, is not so in Europe. At last summer's Milan Triennale — the international design fair held in Italy each three years — new chairs were plentiful, many by architects. On the following page are some typical ones, to help you envision the design world of tomorrow — maybe.

The Italians are on a plump kick; austerity is out, yet there is the danger of appearing dowdily comfortable, so their pieces have the peculiar quality of high fashion. The first is an adjustable chair by Ignazio Gardella; 2 is by Castiglioni.

Germany's best, by P. Schneider Esleben, is a taut, trim trick in stainless steel and leather (3).

From Denmark comes one sumptuous leather-steel chair (4) by Poul Kjaerholm, for which I would predict success

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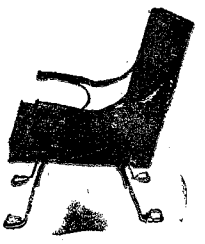
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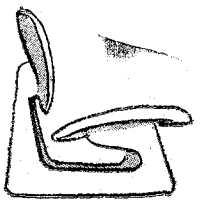
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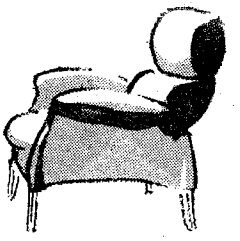
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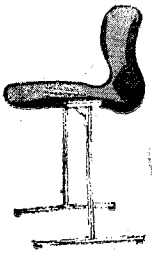
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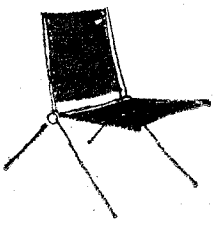
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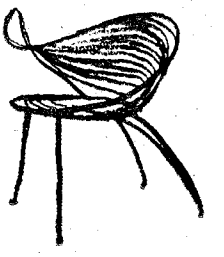
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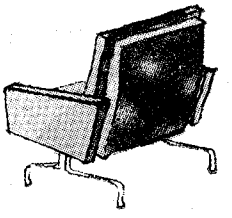
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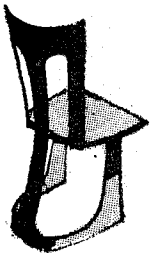
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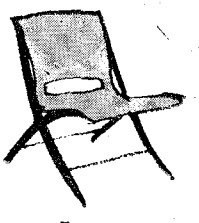
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10

as a U.S. import, and a leaner one by Peter Hvidt and O. M. Nielsen (5).

Japan sent, among others, a set of stacking stools by Munemichi Yanagi and an easy chair by Daisako Cho (6).

From Finland: a chair by Antti Nurmesniemi (7) that doesn't stack or fold, but might eat fish. From Poland: a cane and metal chair by Wladsyslaw Wolkowski (8), and a bent ply model for mass production (9). From Austria an adjustable pressed steel desk chair by Professor N. Schlesinger (10).

At Milan I was too busy to sit on any of them, but few looked comfortable. (The Kjaerholm chair was in the recent Danish show at the Metropolitan Museum, and *was* comfortable.) Yet modern architecture, of course, is getting almost comfortable. After a heedless youth bent only on esthetic thrills, it, for instance, now goes in for tinted glass that is as kind to the eyes as a Buick's optional windshield.

Gentle curves are appearing in buildings again, and softer lighting, and better acoustics (in fact, wherever you go in the architectural world, there seems to be an acoustical seminar in session . . . usually the same seminar, like a floating crap game). But possibly the end of this lush life is near, heralded by the new furniture. A new frontier beckons, lean and hard.

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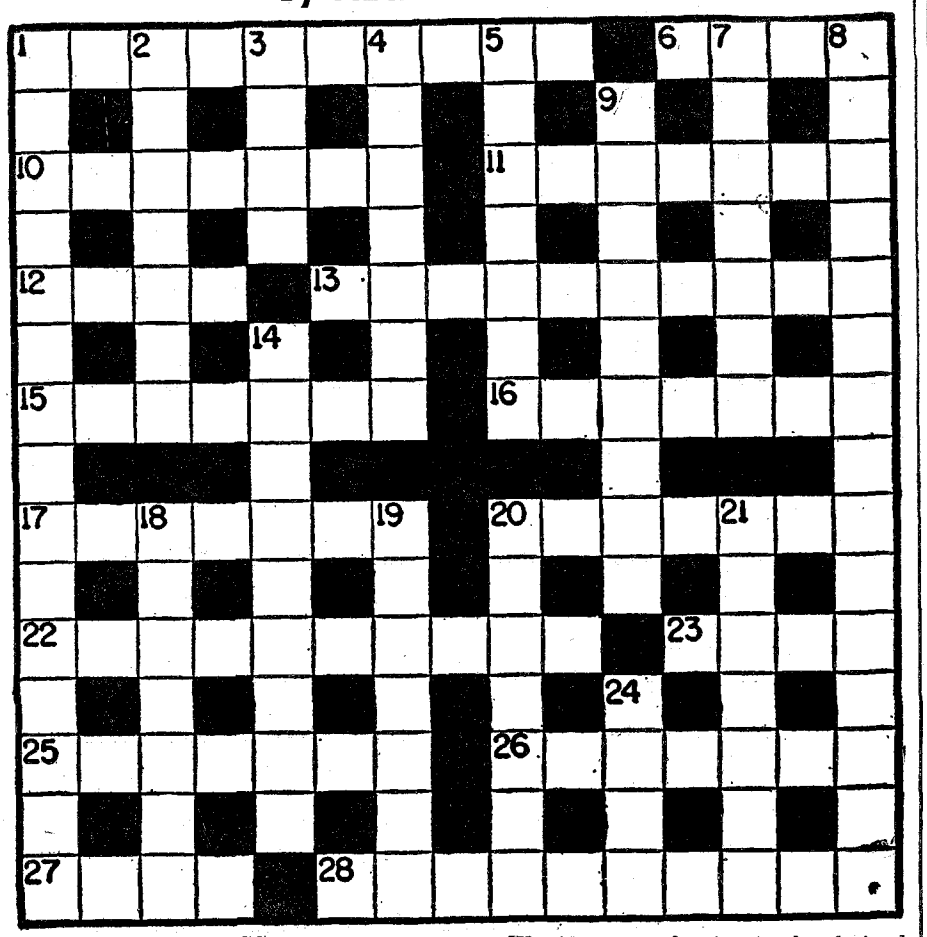
Crossword Puzzle No. 905

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It helps to figure out all the angles when you get oiled to the state this is in. (10)
6 A bird one might be followed by more than once. (4)
10 The level of speech elongated for display purposes. (7)
11 Concentration may be necessary to achieve it. (7)
12 Go through with difficulty scaled, by the sound of it. (4)
13 Does Robinhood associate a different color with ale? (The period should be left.) (3, 7)
15 Raises the dough needed to withdraw a couple of points. (7)
16 When you know you don't! (7)
17 Most of 20 across? It's about time to get driving! (7)
20 and 5 down Are the bones of the world's direction, according to some? (5, 2, 3, 4)
22 It might be a trout is, or rather, Arnold was. (10)
23 A good excursion to skip? (4)
25 Is the rain too sufficient for the lake? (7)
26 Is it China or Italy one associates with this? (7)
27 Doesn't start to be good receivers, probably. (4)
28 Is the scout's deed likely to be? (10)

DOWN:

1 Does it range from light to dark? (3, 8, 4)
2 Would a sort of ant-eater be chained here? (7)
3 Playing Jacks shouldn't be. (4)
4 The Dance of the Uhlans? (7)
5 See 20 across
7 Even a wise man could be blinded by it, according to nursery rhyme. (7)
8 Even if the subject is absorbing, it is seldom passed. (10, 5)
9 This fact might be classified. (It's somewhat disturbed in the ether disturbance.) (9)
14 It's time roads were responsible for bringing opposite ends together. (9)
18 Quite likely to be extremely dead, in a way, but put to other uses. (7)
19 Did they used to be all choked up by its performance? (7)
20 Go take a sort of turn with trouble for the medium. (7)
21 Redoing the estuary in France? (7)
24 The operatic girl who seems to be getting the pitch. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 904

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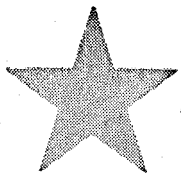

When Is Truth?

In our editorial columns in the issue of Jan. 7, 1961, we wrote: "The Congo . . . is much in the news. . . . But not one American in a hundred is thinking about Mozambique and Angola. Yet there the next colonial explosion is being prepared; it may be bigger than the Congo's."

Before the month was up, the *Santa Maria* epic was chasing the Congo dispatches right off the front pages; and, in the boiling wake of that intrepid voyage, riots broke out in you-know-where: Mozambique and Angola.

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- ☐ Three Years, $20
- ☐ 6 Months, $4
- ☐ Bill me

(Foreign postage $1 a year extra)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

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